

she will say sarcastically,
"i thought you said
it was an emergency."

when you say that it is an emergency,
she will say, "your prior engagement
must be extremely important then."

that is the point at which, in measured tones,
you say, "it is. it's with my attorney."

HARSH REALITY

watching two or more women
make love to one another
is a well documented male sexual fantasy,
a staple of porn.

but after sitting in a large audience
full of admirers of adrienne rich last night,

i don't think i'll ever have that fantasy again.

GETTING INVOLVED

i'm leaving my girlfriend's place
at 4:00 on a saturday morning
and on the way to my car
i pass a car immobile at an intersection.
the driver is slumped back against the seat.

i want to get home,
but i get to thinking that the driver
may be dying of a stroke or something,
or that some other drunk
may come around the bend
and plough into him,

so i go to the window
and say, "hey, old buddy, wake up;
the cops may come along any minute!
come on, you gotta get this thing out of here ..."

it takes me a couple of minutes
to have any effect on him
and when i finally do
he turns to me
the look of the living dead,
hits the accelerator,

and steers a perfect diagonal
across the intersection
to smash broadside into a late-model sports car.

as the crunch echoes through the neighborhood,
i hurry to my car,
prepared to make haste out of there,
but now i get to thinking
that the sonofabitch may be bleeding to death
or one or both of the cars
about to explode into flames,
so i drive around the block
to survey the damage.

my man is now sitting immobile
in the middle of another intersection.
the side of the sports car is caved in.
lights are beginning to go on in the stucco manses.

i ask myself what advice
my friend sergeant roger hotspur would have for me,
and i get the fuck out of there.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

THE LUCKY ONES

stuck in the rain on the freeway, 6:15 p.m., stop, then
first gear, then stop, these are the lucky ones, these
are the employed, most with their radios on while lighting
cigarettes, trying not to think.

this is a large portion of our civilization and as beings
once lived in trees and caves now they very often live
inside of automobiles upon freeways

as the world news is heard over and over, the popular
songs, the rock songs, the love songs, all the songs,
love songs, love love love as
we shift from first gear to neutral and back to first.

there's a poor fellow stalled in the fast lane, hood up,
he's standing up against the freeway fence
a newspaper over his head in the rain

the other cars force around his car, pull into the next
lane against cars determined to shut them off.